Father *Peter*'s Policy Diſcovered; Or, the P---- of *Wales* Prov'd a *P---- Perkin.*

IN *Rome* there is a moſt fearful Rout,
And what do you think it is about?
Becauſe the Birth of the Babe's come out,
Sing Lulla by Babee, By, by, by.

The Jeſuits Swore the Midwife told Tales,
And ruin'd his Highneſs the Prince of *Wales*,
She's a Jade for her pains, Cots-plutter a-nails,
Sing Lulla by Babee, By, by, by.

The Popiſh Crew did all prot. ſt,
That twenty great Men would Swear at leaſt,
They ſee his Welch Highneſs creep ou of his Neſt,
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

The Goggle-Ey'd Monſter in the *Tower*,
He peep'd at his Birth for above an hour,
And 'twas a true Prince of *Wales* he Swore.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

Another great Lord, both Grave and Wiſe,
Stood peeping between Her M-----s T----s;
He look'd through a Glaſs for to ſave his Eyes.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

Both were ſo well ſatisfy'd,
They knew the ſweet Babe from a thouſand they cry'd,
'Twas born with the Print of a Tile on his ſide.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

Some ſay 'tis a Prince of *Wales* by Right,
And thoſe that deny it, tis out of Spight;
But God ſend the Mother came honeſtly by't.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

Some Prieſt they ſay crept nigh her Honour,
And ſprinkled ſome good Holy Water upon Her,
Which made her conceive of what has undone Her.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

The Papiſts thought themſelves greatly bleſt,
Before the Young Babe was brought to the Teſt;
But now they call *Peters* a Fool of a Prieſt.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

The Prieſts in order to flye to the Pope,
Are gotten on Board of the Foreign Hope,
For all that ſtay here will be ſure of a Rope.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

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